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it may be the prelude to another period of gain such as the last six weeks has been. I have constantly suggested to myself relaxation and tranquillity and steadiness, and I feel that I respond more and more readily to the suggestion. Thank you again and again for your kindness in writing to me. Very gratefully, etc."

Another letter from a business man in Boston which bears witness to the efficacy of direct suggestion is as follows: "My dear Miss Ambrose: Your kindly letter with statement enclosed has just come to hand and I hasten to send my check in payment of your charge which is most satisfactory, inasmuch as I should find it very difficult to estimate in figures the worth of your very valuable services during the past months. I hasten to express again to you my very sincere appreciation of your kind efforts. I assure you that the services you have rendered, supplementary to the kindly start given by the good Dr. Worcester, have proved most valuable and efficacious. I can only hope that when others are similarly afflicted they may be as fortunate as I have been in finding such kind and efficient helpers." This man was a severe case of neurasthenia; not only did he recover but he did so without having to give up his business.

Physical, mental, and moral hygiene are subjects which such a nurse must have at her fingers' ends, she must know that true happiness and genuine virtue are based on self-guidance, she must not only "know," but "be." A faith in the power of the spirit within to heal the body is the power which we must constantly strengthen in each one of our patients. "The mind has also its bright point—a hidden sanctuary of clearness and serenity. whither no storms or nightly shadows can penetrate. Here should be our resting place—our house. Its preservation and enlargement should be a constant object of our care."

A NURSE OFF DUTY IN MEXICO *

By MRS. H. INGERSOLL

Graduate of the John Sealy Hospital, Galveston, Texas

It was not many days after our arrival at the Magdalena Smelter, where my husband was manager, before I found that I could help him in many ways. I had no household duties so it was something to keep me busy.

I took it upon my shoulders to count the pay roll. That does not

* Read before the Graduate Nurses' Association of Texas.

sound like much, but when there is a thousand dollars in small change, say ten- or twenty-cent pieces, that have to be put up in three-dollar packages, it takes some time; the other two thousand came in bills and dollars so that was easily counted. Saturday I helped pay off, but the men who brought the wood would present their tickets at any time; if I was taking a bath or a siesta, I would hear some one calling, "Nina," "Senorita," etc.

One day the mechanic brought a man who had been hit on the head by a flying rock and asked me to sew the fellow's head up. I was half blind with a headache, but between us we got him fixed up. My reputation was made; seldom a day passed without my being called upon to dress either a burn or hurt, and it was a pleasure to do it, for the poor creatures were so grateful and never cut up when I was hurting them.

The mechanic's father had been a doctor and he thought that he knew it all. I found him applying vinegar poultices to a badly mashed finger, the wound going to the bone. The inflammation had reached the elbow. It took me five weeks to get it so that the fellow could use his hand.

In all my surgical cases I would give K.I. and keep the bowels open and they all did well. I only had one or two medical cases,—generally as soon as one of them would begin to feel sick they would start for their "tierra," and I would not be called upon to treat them. I dreaded the cases of those who were "leaded," but fortunately they were rare.

I was called one night to come and help dress several cases that were hurt in a cave-in in the mine. I found four that were rather badly hurt. One old chap had his head cut open in several places, a fractured jaw, a broken arm, and a bad cut on the leg. I fixed him up as best I could with what we had and put him in a cart to send to the hospital in Oaxaca. They got him as far as Tule, and he would go no farther as it was his home. He insisted that I had "cured" him. These people have an awful fear of the word "hospital" and won't go there if they can help it. The whole time that I was working on him he never flinched, sat there and smoked; when I was through he asked for a drink. The other fellows got off lightly with only scalp wounds.

A horrible thing happened there. The dynamo got something the matter with it one night and the lights all went out. At such a time there is always danger of a man who has a grudge against another getting even with him, and all the white men went down to the Smelter at once to help get the lanterns lighted. The dynamo was repaired and all left except the Smelter force and the assayer. At last he started for the house, and being very absent-minded he walked out the door that led

to the hot water tank and into the tank. He was horribly burned and lived only ten days. The doctor came out from town every other day, but between times the responsibility fell on me. It was an awful experience.

It was not all work and no play by any means. I would ride up to the mines with my husband twice a week; other days I would ride alone. My horse had a reputation for being a bad horse and when the Indians would see me coming they would get out of my way in a hurry, so I was never troubled by them. Mitla was only a three hours' ride from the Smelter and I used to take those who visited me over. Oaxaca was three and a half hours' ride and I went into town quite often, where I had many friends; then there were often visitors at camp.

The only time that I have had an unpleasant experience was during the earthquake two years ago. My husband had to leave for Mexico City on business on a Saturday, one of the owners of the Smelter came out from town and helped me pay off on that day. Bright and early the next morning he started for town. Had I known in time, I would have gone in also, for the smelter was closed down. I was the only white woman there, and the men who were there were a rough set. I saw nothing of them all day Sunday for they were drinking, but along toward evening they came up to their rooms. I went in and went to bed as soon as I had supper (for it was very noisy outside), with the pistol on one side of the bed and the rifle on the other. I was not afraid, even with two thousand dollars in my trunk, but after I had heard a shot fired I began to get nervous. Up to eleven it was awful, then things quieted down, and I was just dropping off to sleep when my bed began to do all kinds of fancy stunts. I immediately thought that some one was under it, so I jumped up, but when I felt the floor moving I knew that it was an earthquake and I decided that I would rather run the risk of the walls falling in than face those drunken men.

When we left the smelter we came out to the Sierra Jaurez. It is forty miles to the railroad over the mountains, where one climbs up just to climb down. It takes a good rider and a better horse to make the trip in eight hours. All our groceries and, in fact, everything except meat and vegetables come out on the pack mules. It generally takes them three to four days to make the trip out, so one tries not to run out of things but keeps a supply on hand.

When we came out here to live we made the trip in two days, stopping over night at the Parada. We had a pack mule with us and not being accustomed to the horses she would not follow, so my husband led her and I rode behind and used my quirt as a persuader.

This is the most beautiful place that I have seen in Mexico; a narrow gulch shut in by tall mountains with the clearest stream running through it, and a nice climate even though we are so near the "hot country." But when one gets sick, it seems as if you had better make up your mind that there is very little chance for you. I went to bed with an attack of malaria, so I thought, but three days after I knew that I was in for a spell of inflammatory rheumatism. A boy was sent off post-haste to Oaxaca for medicines, but in the meantime we had to do the best we could with what we had. My husband turned out to be a very good nurse and when I was not out of my head I told him what to do. The medicines came and I got over the worst of it, then, like most nurses, I *would* get up. In four days I was back in bed with a relapse and there was not a joint in my body that was not infected. Unable to move, I was not an easy patient to take care of, and I often wished for a nurse who could do for me without having to be told what to do and how to do it.

It was decided that as soon as the fever left me they would take me to Oaxaca. From Thursday till Saturday I was free from fever, so on a Sunday morning the chair was brought to the house, I was carried out and put in it, and we started. Quite a procession I led, with the four Indians who were carrying the chair, followed by the other four, each carrying something, a canteen, my canes, etc., then the pack horse and anywhere along the line was my husband. It took us seven hours to reach the Parada. My, but it felt good to get to bed again. A good night's rest and an early start and we were at the Cumbre very soon. Then came the big drop. Down we went, the Indians in a dog trot and it seemed that we would never reach the bottom. It's about a four-thousand foot drop without any let-up, and where every jolt was pain it seemed that we would never get down. But all journeys have their end and we reached ours, eight hours after leaving the Parada, tired, but feeling better.

THE article on "Day Camps" read at the Tuberculosis Congress in Washington last autumn, has been translated into French in the *Bulletin Professionnel*.

Kai Tiaki records the admirable work of a fully trained and registered nurse and midwife who is a Maori woman and the first Maori nurse, who has recently been sent by the New Zealand government to work among her own people during an epidemic. Her name is Nurse Akenihi Hei.